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THE CRIMEA

1854-55

BY

WILLIAM HOWARD RUSSELL, LL.D.

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THE CRIMEA, 1854-55.

MR. KINGLAKE'S "APOLOGY" FOR THE "WINTER TROUBLES."

It is now more than six-and-twenty years ago* since there landed on the beach at Old Fort, in the Crimea,—then charged with all the tumultuous life of the disembarkation of the Allied Armies—four civilians, of whom one alone had any sort of actual business in that venture. The other three, fellow-travellers from Constantinople, belonged to the active, inquiring, eager, yet idle order of men, known to the Camps later on in the war as "T.G.'s," or "Travelling Gentlemen."

One of them was Mr. (now Sir H. A.) Layard, late Ambassador to the Sublime Porte, then all alive and glowing with the emanations of the fire which burnt in the breast of the second-in-command, whose guest he was, against the "timid councils" of the Admiral-in-Chief, and rejoicing in the superabundant energy which had enabled him to

* September 14, 1854.

win his great fame as the exfoliator of ancient Nineveh. Another was Mr. Delane, the "Great Editor," as men now call him, of *The Times*, who, taking a brief holiday, had come out to the East to witness with his own eyes the beginning of the enterprise to which he had given such vigorous impulsion and support. The third was Mr. Kinglake, who had, by a single literary effort, some time previously established his reputation as a writer of extraordinary brilliancy and humour, and had won the favour of the severest critics by the treatment, at once original and natural, of the hackneyed themes of Oriental travel, in "Eöthen." As far as I know, Mr. Kinglake's whole *raison d'être* as one of the invaders of the Crimea, was curiosity. He came "to have a look at the war." To enable him to gratify that feminine passion, he was armed with letters of introduction, and he was besides, I think, personally known to at least one of those attached to the Staff in a civil capacity; but he landed free from cares connected with baggage or camp equipment, and till he became possessed of the famous pony, which was destined to exercise such a remarkable influence over his subsequent career, he might have been seen on foot groping about, amid the bustle and excitement of the landing, on the shingle between the sea and the Salt Lake, filled with a wondering pleasure, which was imparted to those around him through the mild medium of his *pince-nez*. Of the fourth person, I am, perhaps, well qualified to speak, for it was myself. I had then the business of special

Correspondent to *The Times*, to fulfil, in execution of which—"drifting into war," as the Government had done—I had been, to my amazement, lured on—ever and always in the field with the van of the British Expeditionary Force—from Malta to Gallipoli, from Gallipoli to Scutari, from Scutari to Varna, from Varna to Aladyn, from Aladyn to Devna, from Devna to Monastir, from Monastir to the coast again, and so to the ships bound for the Crimea. And now I found myself on the beach, on that ever memorable morning of the descent of the Allies on the shores of the Crimea. My sole experience in such work before I landed at Malta had been acquired in a short visit to Denmark, during the Schleswig-Holstein troubles, three or four years earlier; but whilst I was living in camp and quarters, I had applied myself to understand the workings of our military system, as far as in me lay; and I soon had occasion to come to the conclusion that they were so inharmonious, that the machine would very probably fall to pieces under the pressure of actual war. I had had abundant proof ere we landed at Old Fort of the ignorance of the heads of Departments, of the recklessness of official denials; of the darkness, which refused to be enlightened, pervading the *camera obscura* of the War Minister.

On my arrival at Gallipoli* in the "Golden Fleece," with Sir George Brown and the Head-Quarters of the Light Division from Malta, I came to know that

* April 18, 1854.

the sick men of the Rifle Brigade on board, had been landed without a mattress to lie upon or a blanket to cover them; and that of the things called "medical comforts," said to have been sent from Malta, there were absolutely none whatever; whilst the French hospital was admirably provided with every requisite.* I visited the hospitals in company with Surgeon Alexander, afterwards Director-General of the Army Medical Department; I saw that state of things with my own eyes; and I then wrote home a plain statement of the facts, which duly appeared in the paper I served. And what followed? A question was asked in Parliament,† and up got a Minister of State‡ and declared off-hand that the story was untrue, as he had reason to believe that blankets, mattresses, and every kind of medical comfort had been prepared at Gallipoli! A moment's reflection ought to have caused a Minister of ordinary prudence to admit that the probabilities pointed to some inaccuracy in his own information, and have led him to make inquiry before he indulged in the luxury of hot-headed contradiction,—that the official answering for the War Office would have said, "Here is a very precise averment, from a person on the spot. That person apparently can have no motive to fabricate charges,—nay, he has every motive for strict adherence to fact, for if he makes any assertion

* See the "British Expedition to the Crimea," by W. H. Russell, p. 17.

† By the Earl of Ellenborough.

‡ The Duke of Newcastle.

respecting matters of such interest as the state of our troops which is not absolutely true, he meets with instant exposure at the scene of his labours and forfeits the confidence of his employers at home. I will, therefore, inquire, and let the House know the result."

But, no! Nothing of the kind! Indignant, contemptuous denial of what was true, because it was not officially known—that was the official reply! And so it was nearly to the end,—except when the facts were too obvious for the device to be made use of. Whilst I was at Gallipoli some criticisms forced from my pen, which was, I may honestly aver, far more prone to praise than to censure, had been taken as an evidence of an unfriendly spirit, by the young gentlemen around Lord Raglan. I was represented at home, in letters from his Staff Officers, as an ill-disposed writer, who sought to depreciate the English Army (with which I lived, and on whose good-will I was entirely dependent for my comfort); and to exalt the French (with whom I had no relations at all, and from whom I had nothing to expect), and any good which might have been educed from comparisons between the state of things in the two armies, was assiduously estopped by misrepresentation of my motives in making them.

Previous to my departure from England, I had been recommended by Lord Hardinge, at the Horse Guards, to Brigadier Bentinck, who was going out in command of the Brigade of Guards. I was promised every facility in procuring quarters and rations with

the Army, but when on the establishment of Headquarters at Scutari, I applied in pursuance of my instructions for facilities I found the official countenance was darkened before me. I was exposed to petty annoyance,—the shifting of my tent and the refusal of rations (which, however, I received, by order from the War Department to the Commissary-General soon after), and of forage and carriage of baggage,—not, I am sure, with the sanction or by the express desire of the Commander-in-Chief. Still, I worked my way on, and, with my humble establishment of servants and horses, lived and moved with the Light Division in Bulgaria, making friends (of whom there are yet some left, I am proud to think, who remember me with kindness), till I joined Sir de Lacy Evans and the Headquarters of the Second Division on board the "City of London," at Varna, and landed with them at Old Fort on September 14th, 1854.

It was there I met the three gentlemen of whom I have spoken, wandering about on the beach, and they came on shore daily from the ships and returned to sleep on board, whilst I roughed it with the troops; but we were doomed soon to part. Before the Army was set in motion towards the Alma, where we knew the Russians were awaiting us, Mr. Delane had to hasten back to London to take hold of *The Times* again; and Mr. Layard took up his quarters with Sir Edmund Lyons on board the "Agamemnon," from the masthead of which he penned an admirable account of the battle of the Alma, as seen from that vantage-coign, which attracted much attention. Mr.

Kinglake remained with the Army, and on September 19th, when the Allies began their eventful march, he, in common with other non-combatants, rode with the Headquarters Staff, as one of its unrecognised, but not invisible, concomitants. On the following day he and his companions "tailed on" to Headquarters. The way in which Mr. Kinglake emerged from that condition of unauthorised relations with Lord Raglan is narrated by the author of the "Letters from Headquarters," Major Somerset Calthorpe:—

"I must tell you a little anecdote of Lord Raglan and a certain author who is well known in the literary world. This morning, when Lord Raglan was waiting, surrounded by his staff, for the troops to get into their places, a gentleman joined us, on a handsome little grey pony. This pony began neighing and screaming in the most wonderful manner, and so continuously, that one could hardly hear what was said. At last, it attracted Lord Raglan's attention, and he said, 'I never heard a pony make such a row; does any one know who the gentleman is?' Some one of the staff said, 'I think he is one of the newspaper reporters, my Lord; shall I tell him to go away?' Lord Raglan laughed, and said, 'If you do, he will show you up, you may depend upon it.' It so happened that I had made this gentleman's acquaintance on the beach a few days before; so I told Lord Raglan that it was Mr. Kinglake, the author of 'Eöthen.' 'Oh!' said my Lord, 'a most charming man!' and was going to speak to him, when Marshal St. Arnaud came up, so for the time he could not do so. About eleven o'clock, as we were nearing the Russian position, when within sight of them, Lord Raglan and his staff were riding in advance; presently a pony dashed past us at a furious pace, and who should it be but Mr. Kinglake. On he went, right through our skirmishers, with his horse's head between his legs; but, fortunately for his rider, the saddle got forward, and after a time went over the horse's ears; of course, the author of 'Eöthen' went with the saddle. It was rather an absurd thing just before a battle. We all laughed, except Lord Raglan, who rode up to him, and inquired most kindly after him, offered him (I think) one of his own ponies to ride, and told his orderly to put the saddle to rights. Mr. Kinglake was all thanks. That night, after the battle, Lord Raglan met him wandering about, not knowing where to go, so he asked him to dinner; of course, he came, and delighted every one present with his charming manner and conversation."

This trivial camp courtesy has been repaid by lifelong passionate devotion, by the laborious erection of a great literary temple, where Mr. Kinglake, at once Architect and High-Priest, toils on year after year, sacrificing innumerable reputations to the manes of his deity and decorating the statue of his Idol; hurling anathemata at the septs; forging thunderbolts for unbelievers; flashing the lightnings of his wrath upon "the thrones, dominions, principalities, powers," the men, the women, the things belonging to the infidel world outside his sacred shrine.

By the force of what Mr. Kinglake would call "brain power"—the phrase appears some twenty times in this present volume—Nicholson, who was killed at Delhi, established such an "ascendancy" over certain tribes in the Punjab, that they formed a religious sect for the worship of "Nicholson." The civility of the English General made "Eöthen," the Apostle of a new Avatar. The effect of the epiphany was not complete at first, but the worshipper by continual contemplation of his own dogmas—like the Buddhist priest, in holy abstraction over the Sacred Tooth—has left himself nor eyes, nor ears, nor sense for anything but the one object. Had Mr. Kinglake been wounded at the Alma, it is probable, I think, from an incident I remember a night or two after the battle, that the world would never have seen the six volumes, or any one of them, in which are contained the articles of the new faith.

Mr. Kinglake followed the Army from the Alma to Balaclava, where we "lay together," as soldiers

say, in the same quarters; and then we went up to camp, outside the house in which Lord Raglan established his Head-Quarters, and in which he died. Mr. Kinglake shared the tent of Mr. Romaine, the Judge-Advocate, and I put up with another of the Staff near at hand. We saw the preparations day after day for the bombardment and for the assault against Sebastopol; we witnessed the opening of the Allied batteries on October 17th. Then came the failure of the cannonade, and the postponement of the assault; and Mr. Kinglake, under the stress of the obligation which is imposed on a barrister by his conscience, or, rather, by his unconscious assent to the hope that a brief may drop on his head if he puts his wig on it, went off to London, "to be in time for the first day of Term," and was* seen no more in the Crimea. Altogether he was with the army less than a month. It is needless to say that I remained,—as Mr. Kinglake would say, remained to the bitter end; how bitter, none but I can ever feel or know.†

And now comes the matter which has caused me to challenge the public judgment as between Mr. Kinglake and myself. It has doubtless been said in private, over and over again, that the letters I sent to *The Times* from the Camp were full of danger to the Army and to the country, because they contained information which was of value to the enemy. After

* And I may say to our great regret.

† Because no one else can know what were the sacrifices and the sufferings.

a quarter of a century, a distinct body of indictment to that effect has been raised by an eminent writer in a form which enables me to grapple with it, for he now shows that on November 13th, 1854, Lord Raglan wrote in that sense to the Duke of Newcastle, and made complaint to him against me, invoking at the same time the influence of the Government with the Editors of *The Times* and other papers to prevent the diffusion of mischievous intelligence from their Correspondents at the seat of war.

Now, the first count in the indictment filed by the literary Advocate-General, who is busy prosecuting so many people, alive and dead, was I learn from Mr. Kinglake's present volume, as follows:—

“ [Private.] ”

Before Sebastopol, Nov. 13, 1854.

“ MY DEAR DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.—The perusal of the article in *The Times* of Oct. 23, headed ‘The War,’ obliges me, in discharge of my duty, to draw your Grace’s attention to the consequences that may arise from the publication of details connected with this army. The knowledge of them must be invaluable to the Russians, and in the same degree detrimental to her Majesty’s troops. I enclose the article itself, and a note of the principal points of information which it affords, and which, probably, were forwarded to and had arrived at Sebastopol by telegraph before the mail of the 23rd reached Headquarters. You will perceive that it is there stated that our losses from cholera are very great; that the Light Division encampment is kept on the alert by shot and shell, which pitch into the middle of it; that 40 pieces of artillery had been sent up to our park, and 12 tons of gunpowder safely deposited in a mill, the position of which is described, and which, of course, must be accurately known by the enemy; that the Second Division had moved and taken ground in the vicinity of the Fourth Division, in which a shell had fallen with fatal effect in a hut occupied by some men of the 63rd Regiment; and that the French would have 60 heavy guns, the British Army 50, and 60 more would be supplied by the Navy. The mention of the employment of red-hot shell was then adverted to. The position of the 93rd is stated,

as is that of the Headquarters of the Commander of the Forces; likewise, the possible dearth of round-shot, and of gabions and fascines. I will not fatigue you by further alluding to what is announced in the letter, but I will ask you whether anything more injurious to the interests of this army could be effected than the publication of such details. I am quite satisfied that the object of the writer is simply to satisfy the anxiety, and curiosity, I may say, of the public, and to do what he considers his duty by his employers, and that it has never occurred to him that he is serving much more essentially the cause of the Russians, and is encouraging them to persevere in throwing shells into our camps, and to attempt the destruction of the mill where our powder is reported by him to have been deposited; but the innocency of his intention does not diminish the evil he inflicts, and something should be done to check so pernicious a system at once. I do not propose to take any violent steps, though perhaps I should be justified in doing so; but I have requested Mr. Romaine to endeavour to see the different correspondents of the newspapers, and quietly point out to them the public inconvenience of their writings, and the necessity of greater prudence in future; and I make no doubt that they will at once see that I am right in so warning them.”

I must ask my readers to pay particular attention to the dates. The letter of Lord Raglan was written eight days after the Battle of Inkerman, when there was great gloom in the camp, upon which the advent of a few hours more was to bring the cause of unnumbered woes—the tremendous calamity of the Storm. The letter to which Lord Raglan drew attention was printed in *The Times* of 23rd October. He does not give the date when that letter was sent from camp. I can supply the omission. The letter was written thirteen days before 17th October. And what of that? What signifies the date one way or other? Everything. When my letter was written, on October 4th, it was well known that on 17th October was to begin and end the bombardment which every human being in camp—from Lord Raglan, down

or up to Mr. Kinglake—believed was to effect that very day the utter destruction of the defences of Sebastopol, and to make the triumphant entry of the troops ere nightfall a matter of certainty. Mr. Kinglake admits that Lord Raglan, was as “cocksure” of the result as the young Artillery officer by my side, who, reconnoitring the town through his glass from the Woronzow road on 16th October, the day before the fire opened, said, “That’s the little crib I intend to roost in to-morrow,” pointing to the Club-house in the city. When I made some remark to the Engineer Officer at Head-Quarters, from whose notebook I copied the emplacement of the guns in battery, &c., to the effect that the Russians would give a good deal to know what I had there, he said, “It would not do them much good. The place will be about their ears in a few hours more!”

So, under an impression enforced on me by all around me, I did, in letters written between 4th and 13th October, state what Lord Raglan read in *The Times* on 13th November. Not a soul in camp up to 17th October thought there was danger in telling people at home about our preparations and our doings for the capture of Sebastopol!

Mr. Kinglake goes on to say:—

“He [Mr. Russell] perhaps thought it likely that the accounts he was sending to England (including those which laid bare the weakened state of our army) would soon be made known to the enemy by spies, deserters, or prisoners, and that information thus passing direct across only a few furlongs of ground would neutralise any advantage which the Russians might otherwise gain from intelligence sent home by himself, and only reaching Sebastopol after a circuit of thousands of miles; whilst, moreover, he may fairly have trusted that any danger-

ous statements imparted by his hurrying pen to the conductors of the journal at home would be there, after all, in the hands of men not only able, but anxious to suppress hurtful truths. Be that as it may, he wrote freely; and the conditions surrounding him were such that, even if he had been wanting in that power of acute observation which he amply possessed, he could not have helped perceiving the state of weakness and suffering to which our army had been reduced.”

When Mr. Romaine, on 13th November, with *The Times* paper in his hand, walked across from Lord Raglan’s Head-Quarters to my tent, which was about sixty yards away, and spoke to me, I pointed out the circumstances under which the letter was written. Mr. Romaine at once admitted the justice of my defence; but when he went on to say Lord Raglan hoped that I would take heed not to make disclosures hurtful to the Army in future communications, with an obscure hint that it might be necessary to ask me to leave the Head-Quarters’ Camp, if not the Crimea, I said, in as many words:—“The greatest favour Lord Raglan can confer on me is to order me to quit the Camp before Sebastopol in twenty-four hours! But as I understand, there is no such order. Well, then, I must stay here, and do my duty, according to the best of my ability. I do not and cannot pretend to decide what is, and what is not, of military value in the information I send in the letters I write, to be published at the discretion of the editor; but if Lord Raglan desires me to do so, I shall send in every letter to the Military Secretary, or any other officer he may appoint, at Head-Quarters, and let him deal with it as he thinks fit. In that case, I, of course, disclaim all responsibility for what may be forwarded to London, and shall

acquaint the Editor of *The Times* with the circumstance, and leave him to determine what course he will take regarding it." Mr. Romaine retired, and from that time, in the middle of November, 1854, till May, 1856, when I left the camp with the last detachment of the British Army, I never had any representation, good, bad, or indifferent, addressed to me by or on account of the General-in-command in reference to my writings, or the information contained in them.* Up to the time when my tent at

* On November 20, 1854, in consequence of the interview with Mr. Romaine, I wrote as follows to *The Times*:—"Newspaper correspondents are placed in rather a difficult position out here at present. In common with generals and chiefs, and men-at-arms, they wrote home accounts of all we were doing to take Sebastopol, and they joined in the prophetic cries of the leaders of the host that the fall of the city of the Czar—the centre and navel of his power in these remote regions—would not be deferred for many hours after our batteries had opened upon its defences. In all the inspiration of this universal hope, these poor wretches, who cling to the mantles of the military and engineering Elijahs, did not hesitate to communicate to the world, through the columns of the English Press, all they knew of the grand operations which were to eventuate in the speedy fall of this doomed city. They cheered the heart of England with details of the vast armaments prepared against its towers and forts—of the position occupied by her troops—the imbecility of the enemy's fire—of the range of the guns so soon to be silenced, of the stations of our troops on commanding sites, and they described with all their power the grandiose operations which were being taken for the reduction of such a formidable place of arms. They believed, in common with the leaders whose inspiration and whose faith were breathed through the ranks of our soldiers, that the Allied forces were to reduce Sebastopol long ere the lines they penned could meet the expectant gaze of our fellow-countrymen at home, and they stated under that faith and in accordance with those inspirations that the operations of war undertaken by our armies were undertaken with reference to certain points of position and with certain hope of results, the knowledge of which could not have proved of the smallest service to the enemy, once they had been beaten out of their stronghold. Contrary to these hopes and inspirations, in

Head-Quarters was blown down, in the gale of 14th November, and I was driven to take refuge in a filthy hovel at Balaclava, where I passed part of the miserable winter, ere I moved up to the Fourth Division at Cathcart's Hill, I was living within a

direct opposition to our prophecies and to our belief, Sebastopol still holds out against the Allies; and the intelligence conveyed in newspapers which we all thought we would have read in the clubrooms of Sebastopol has been conveyed to the generals of an army which still defends its walls, and has been given to the leaders of an enemy whom we had considered would be impuissant and defeated, where they have proved themselves to be, in reality, powerful and unconquered. The enemy know that we have lost many men from sickness; they know that we have so many guns here, and so many guns there, that our head-quarters are in one place, our principal powder magazine is in another, that the camp of such a division has been annoyed by their fire, and that the tents of another had escaped injury from their shot; but it must be recollected that when these details were written it was confidently declared that, ere the news could reach England of the actual preliminaries of the siege, the Allies would have entered Sebastopol, that their batteries would have silenced the fire of the enemy, that the quarters of their generals would have been within the *enceinte* of the town, that our magazines would have been transferred to its storehouses, and that our divisions would have encamped within its walls. It mattered little, therefore, if we pointed out the losses of our men, the number and position of our guns, the site of our quarters, the position of our magazines, or the range of the Russian cannon. How much knowledge of this sort the enemy might have gleaned through their spies, or by actual observation, it is not needful to inquire, but undoubtedly, without any largely speculative conjecture, it may be inferred that much of the information conveyed to them, or said to be conveyed to them, by the English Press, could have been ascertained through those very ordinary channels of communication, the eye and ear, long ere our letters had been forwarded to Sebastopol, and translated from English *in usum superiorum*. However, it is quite evident that it is not advisable to acquaint the enemy with our proceedings and movements during a siege which now promises to assume the proportions and to emulate the length of those operations of a similar character in which hosts of men, conveyed by formidable armadas from distant shores, set down to beleaguer some devoted fortress."

stone's-throw of Lord Raglan's house, but I never heard a word of these complaints. I knew nothing of the letter from Lord Raglan till I read it in Mr. Kinglake's book. I was down at Balaclava at the date of the next letter from his Lordship in reference to the same subject, of which I was, of course, quite ignorant:—

[*Private and Confidential.*]

"BEFORE SEBASTOPOL, January, 4, 1855.

"MY DEAR DUKE OF NEWCASTLE,—I deem it my duty to send you a copy of *The Times* newspaper of December 18, and to draw your attention to an article or rather letter from its correspondent with this army. I pass over the fault the writer finds with everything and everybody, however calculated his strictures may be to excite discontent and encourage indiscipline, but I ask you to consider whether the paid agent of the Emperor of Russia could better serve his master than does the correspondent of the paper that has the largest circulation in Europe. I know something of the kind of information which the commander of an army requires of the state and condition of the troops opposed to him, and I can safely say, that during the whole of the war in the Peninsula, the Duke of Wellington was never supplied with such details as are to be found in the letter to which I am desirous of attracting your attention. Some time ago the correspondent stated, for general information, and practically for that of the Prince Mentshikoff, the exact position in which the powder for our siege batteries was deposited, and he suggests the ease with which the ships in Balaclava Harbour could be set on fire. He, moreover, affords the Russian General the satisfaction of knowing that our guns stick in the mud and our horses die under their exertions. But as regards intelligence to the enemy, the mischievous parts are so obvious, that I will not trouble you with the recapitulation of them. It will be sufficient if I mark the parts which strike me as the most obnoxious. I am very doubtful that, the communications are so rapid, whether a British Army can long be maintained in presence of a powerful enemy, that enemy having at its command, through the English Press, and from London to his head-quarters by telegram, every detail that can be required of the number, condition, and equipment of his opponents' force."

I was never in any way made acquainted with the contents of this "private and confidential letter," till

I saw it the other day in Mr. Kinglake's sixth volume, nor was I till now enabled to meet the grievous accusations contained in it,—accusations which, if believed ought, I submit, to have induced Lord Raglan to have turned me out of the Crimea.

There, then, is the indictment,—there the pleas of the prosecution. My answer must be in the form of what lawyers call "a plea of confession and avoidance." What was my position? I was a newspaper correspondent,—a person employed to write news to a public journal from the seat of war. The public at home were devoured by impatience to learn anything and everything. I selected such facts and topics as I thought interesting, and wrote my letters on the spur of the moment, chronicling the event of the minute or the hour,—not with the advantage of twenty-five years of meditation, selection, and revision. I confess that I gave publicity to facts which might have been useful to the enemy, (*a*) if the enemy would have otherwise been ignorant of them, or (*b*) if the enemy made use of the knowledge in any way. If injury and danger of any sort were caused by my disclosures, *The Times* was responsible for the letters submitted to the discretion of the editor, and if blame there were, it was Lord Raglan, who was answerable for what I wrote. From Mr. Kinglake I learn that Lord Raglan believed that there was one advantage—as I infer, one only—from the letters of "special correspondents;"—he thought "their writings would *outshine* all the letters from wrong-headed officers, and

drive them out of the market" (p. 233), the wrong-headedness being evinced by dissatisfaction with what was going on. But the way in which he regarded them—and I am not prepared to say wrongly regarded them—was one which ought to have led him to take a decisive step in respect to those letters; and any step Lord Raglan did take was short and feeble.

But, after all, the real questions to be determined are,—Did I give any aid or encouragement to the enemy which they would not have had but for my writings? Or, if I did, was I responsible for any damage to the Army, with which my life and all my interests were—*parva componere magnis*—at the time as much bound up as those of any General in camp? To suppose, with Lord Raglan, that the Russians would be encouraged to throw shells into our camp—as though the practice needed encouragement—or to attempt the destruction of the Mill, which they never once menaced up to the fall of the place, is almost childish. Was there a single attack, I ask, directed against any point in consequence of what I had written? Not one! Was one shell fired in one direction or another because of my letters? Not one! Was a man of our Army killed or maimed by reason of my writing? Not one! The most vindictive enemy cannot assert that fireships were prepared or directed against Balaclava, that attacks were addressed to the magazine in the Mill,* or that

* The powder remained stored there during the siege, and was there during the fire of November 14, 1855.

any one act, positive or negative, of the enemy originated in or was derived from my correspondence, —no! not one! On the other side, let me ask how much of the active aid, the saving sympathy bestowed on the army was due to the representations made by me and others as to the real state of our suffering soldiery, which—let Mr. Kinglake sophisticate as he may—was not made known to the Ministry by official or private correspondence?

Some few years back I had the honour of accompanying the Prince of Wales, in the "Ariadne," and, of acting as a kind of guide, in conjunction with Colonel A. Ellis, to the Crimea. The Governor, His Excellency Aide-de-Camp-General Von Kotzebue, who was Chief of the Staff to Prince Gortschakoff during the siege, received His Royal Highness at Sebastopol, and dined on board the "Ariadne," on the day of our arrival. When it came to my turn to be presented to His Excellency, the Prince of Wales said, "I dare say you are glad to meet a gentleman who, I hear, gave you such excellent information in his letters to *The Times*." The remark was made with gracious gaiety, but I could not help feeling gratified when General Von Kotzebue very seriously replied, "I fear, Monseigneur, I have nothing to thank Mr. Russell for on that head. We were well aware of everything that passed within your camp, from Balaclava to the front, every day, within a few hours of it happening."* His

* It must be remembered that Balaclava was full of Russian Greeks at first; that Tartars came in and out of our camp; that the Cossack

Excellency told me in the course of conversation subsequently, that "what was really of use to the Russians was the information in the shipping columns and naval and military intelligence of the London papers," which was telegraphed, so that they knew at Sebastopol of every shipment of stores, guns, &c., and of every detachment embarked, before the ships which conveyed them had entered the Straits of Gibraltar. General Kotzebue, added, moreover, that they had accurate intelligence from Constantinople of every vessel which passed up the Bosphorus.*

post on Canrobert's Hill looked down on Balaklava, and that deserters soon began to go over to the enemy, who were also able to take prisoners in their night sorties.

* As an instance of the modes by which Mr. Kinglake works towards the attainment of his ends, let me call attention to the following passage, and the note upon it, at pp. 238-239. Writing of me as one who was "the type of the merry species of priest often found in his" (my) "native land, who seemed charged, notwithstanding his (my) drollery, with commissions to bind and to loose,"—he insinuates that I derived power in camp from the idea in men's minds, after a while, that I could influence their prospects by speaking well or ill of them in *The Times*. And he goes on, "So long as his tent remained pitched amongst those of the Head-Quarters Staff, statements useful for his purpose" (whatever that might be) "were not, I think, largely offered to him; but from the time he moved to the camp of the Fourth Division he became surrounded by willing informants, whose communications were not unmingled with sharp criticism of the men in authority." And then there comes this footnote,—"A division in camp is apt to take a tone from its chief, and Cathcart, as we saw (see ante, Vol. IV.) was in a highly critical frame of mind. It was natural that after his death, on November 5, the tone should for some time continue." Now, if words mean anything, Mr. Kinglake wishes his readers to believe that whilst I was at Head-Quarters I was kept in a state of harmless ignorance, but that I was dangerously informed by malevolent critics when I got up to the Fourth Division, and that Sir George Cathcart had, in some way, inspired the criticism. It so happens that the first letter I wrote, which called for Lord Raglan's comments, was penned in his own camp; that the second letter was

1976. It is seventeen years since Mr. Kinglake told the world that "the time had come to tell it the truth."

Five years have elapsed since he gave his readers his version of the Battle of Inkerman, and he has now come to write the saddest tale which British historians ever had to tell. Mr. Kinglake has thought fit, in doing so, to revive a quarrel that most people would willingly suffer to die out. The story of the Crimean War is one the nation generally is disposed, I think, to leave to some future generation, which would read it as men read Livy or Napier,—with a purely historical interest. The period over which that war extended lies just in the debatable land between the historical past, as to which all emotion is impersonal, and that active present in which there are men still living full of passion, or prejudice, or theories as to the events in which they participated, or as to the controversies which those events provoked. With all its glories—and on the colours and standards emblazoned with the words, "Alma," "Balaklava," "Inkerman," there are no more glorious names, even though Marlborough and Wellington have given them the imprimatur of their "king-making" and king-destroying "victories"—the memory of the war waged in the Crimea in

written at Balaklava, and that I did not move up to Cathcart's Hill and to the Fourth Division Camp till long after Cathcart's death. I had indeed spoken with Cathcart several times, and had learned that he quite disapproved of the dilatory processes which Mr. Kinglake condemns in the operations against Sebastopol; but I had not given expression in any way to his sentiments or opinions. It is most unjust to the Staff and officers of the Fourth Division to impute to them any share in what Mr. Kinglake calls "the disparagement of the ruling Administration" in my statements.

1854-5 is associated with records of great misery and some disaster. It is felt now, as it was felt at the time, that the conduct of the campaign, was not creditable to the statesmen, the military leaders, the politicians, or the civil administrators—to any but the soldiers—who had a share in it. Ministries were overthrown, reputations were shattered, and the whole framework of society was shaken by the disputes which most of the survivors would willingly forget; and the country was warned, that the Constitution, and the very life of free institutions and Parliamentary government, were on their trial, in the conflict of those angry passions.

Even the idea for which the war was made is repudiated; it is treated to-day as a mistake, if not criminal, any way gross and inexcusable. So far are we from being governed by the political principles which impelled England to make war upon Russia in 1854, that we can scarcely comprehend the position we took up to vindicate the authority of the Sublime Porte in the Danubian Provinces twenty-six years ago. It may be urged that what all the Great Powers agree to do, may by that very fact, become an act of abstract or concrete justice, though the assumption by any one of those Powers of the right to perform the same act be criminal; but history will surely give to that Power which, in its dealings with Turkey, anticipated the workings of public conscience, in a concert of all the Governments of civilized Europe, the credit of political sagacity! If what has been done within the last two years be in accordance with sound polity, Russia was, after all, quite

justified in invading Wallachia and Moldavia, crossing the Danube, and besieging Silistria, and our ancestors of a generation back were altogether wicked in opposing her! If this England of 1879-80 be right, we must suppose that the England of 1854-5 was egregiously wrong!

It is not surprising, then, if the revival of the controversies which distracted the public mind whilst the war was raging should create irritation, if not disgust. And the feeling is not diminished by the resuscitation of personal questions.

Of my own small part in such a drama, I am almost ashamed to speak. I would not do so, indeed, were it not that my name has been associated in this volume of "The Winter Troubles" with statements which my sense of truth and justice forbids me to let pass unnoticed. I have already disposed of the charges which were made in the letters of Lord Raglan to the Duke of Newcastle, that I had given aid to the enemy, the aid of information which, without my letters, the enemy could not have obtained. There was no suggestion by Lord Raglan or any one else that the enemy ever did anything in consequence of such information. I think I have shown, however, that I could not be held responsible for it, even had positive mischief ensued. But not a shadow of proof exists that any such mischief arose. The Russians in front of us were perfectly well acquainted with our sufferings. They were not restrained from attacking us by any imaginary "awe" such as Mr. Kinglake supposes them to have been influenced by, or by the

"cheerful calm" apparent at Head-Quarters, but by their own sufferings and weakness, by their confidence in their powers of ultimate resistance, and by their well-founded reliance on the help of the "Generals January and February," which did us so much harm.

But Lord Raglan, in those letters, spoke also of "indiscipline and discontent," and suggested that the well-being of the Army was imperilled by accounts of suffering among the men who endured it, and by comments on the state of things which caused that suffering.

Now, if there were any one trait of the behaviour of our soldiery, amid their miseries, more conspicuous than another, it was their resignation—their actual state of "contentment," so to speak—and the discipline which prevailed, in the best sense of the word, from the beginning to the end of the siege. In one of the many beautiful passages of the volume which provokes me to write, there is (p. 205) a touching account of the conduct of our men, when, in Mr. Kinglake's own words, "what seemed to be threatened was not simply the weakening but the virtual extinction of our Army." "All these hardships — hardships too often fatal — our officers and men endured with a heroism, as the Sebastopol Committee declared, unsurpassed in the annals of war." And with that passage I rest content. It and others like it are my answers to the charge that my letters caused indiscipline and discontent!

When, long ago, a certain noble Earl indulged

in some vituperative remarks about me and implied that I had made unseemly attacks on Lord Raglan, I referred him to my published letters, and I challenged him to produce a single passage which in any way sustained his imputations. I repeat the challenge. If I have to quote myself, it is to repeat my estimate of Lord Raglan's character, written before Mr. Kinglake's volume saw the light.*

I did not then and I do not now shrink from the responsibility which may attach to the assertion that for a considerable period, Lord Raglan's personal inspection of Balaklava and of the remoter camps was, to say the least of it, infrequent. I know how bitterly his neglect was felt by the Brigade of Guards—how they complained that neither he nor Colonel Steele (the Military Secretary)—an old Guardsman—had visited their camp after Inkerman;† and I know, too, how indignant men were when the

* "That Lord Raglan was as brave as a hero of antiquity, that he was kind to his friends and to his staff, that he was unmoved under fire, and unaffected by personal danger, that he was noble in manner, gracious in demeanour, of dignified bearing, and of simple and natural habits, I am, and ever have been, ready not only to admit, but to state with pleasure; that he had many and great difficulties to contend with, *domi militiæque*, I believe; but that this brave, high-spirited and gallant nobleman had been so long subservient to the power of a superior mind—that he had lost, if he ever possessed, the ability to conceive and execute large military plans—that he had lost, if he ever possessed, the faculty of handling great bodies of men, I am firmly persuaded. He was a fine English gentleman—a splendid soldier—perhaps an unexceptional lieutenant under a great chief; but that he was a great chief, or even a moderately able general, I have every reason to doubt, and I look in vain for any proof of it whilst he commanded the English Army in the Crimea."—*Russell's Crimean Expedition*.

† Lord Lucan can say whether that statement as to the cavalry camp is true or not.

reign of chaos set in at Balaclava, because "the Chief" had never been down from Head-Quarters to see how things were going on, or were not going on, with his own eyes. I remember one morning in January, 1855, after the mail with *The Times* of a certain date had come in, Lord Raglan, who had not been down there, I believe, since December 3rd, 1854, rode into Balaclava, and an officer, giving me credit for what I had *not* done, rushed into my den, exclaiming, "By Jove! you and *The Times* have *drawn him* at last!" In my letter from the Crimea, under the date of January 18th, 1855, I wrote:—

"Lord Raglan came down to-day to Balaclava. General Airey also came down and inspected an attempt to prepare sleighs for carrying up shot to the front. Lord Raglan visited Lord Lucan, and went over the cavalry camp, which he had not seen since it was formed here.* Lord Raglan gave several orders calculated to promote the comfort of the troops, and his unusual presence among the officers and men has been attended with the best effects, and has stimulated every branch of the service at Balaclava and at the dépôts."

As to Mr. Kinglake's hypothesis that the Commander-in-Chief, when he rode out, attended by a single A.D.C., was so concealed by a Vienna cape—"a wrapper so overfolding that it did not disclose his maimed arm" (p. 271), "which, not being English in shape, seems to have been somewhat disguising"—that no one knew him—it must be regarded as an attempt to impose on his readers' credulity. The idea that a strange horseman, muffled in a quaintly-cut foreign wrap, could go about the English camps

* Mr. Kinglake can easily refer to officers still alive as to this allegation.

during the winter, and *because* of the eccentricity of his appearance pass unnoticed, is surely preposterous! I frequently saw Lord Raglan on horseback before and after the time mentioned, and I do not recollect ever having seen him without an orderly, in addition to his aide-de-camp. At all events, if these secret unnoticed inspections were made at the time referred to, they came within the canon "*de non apparentibus et non existentibus, eadem est ratio*." They surely did no good, where they were not known. They were not referred to by Lord Raglan in his public, nor, I suppose, in his private, dispatches, and they did not encourage the soldiers, or dispel the delusion of their officers that they were neglected. Mr. Kinglake says (p. 258), "One great error Mr. Russell committed, namely, that of imagining that Lord Raglan did not visit his divisional camps, and especially his field hospitals; but the mistake of the correspondent was a mistake largely shared, and sprang, we must own, very naturally from the cause already explained, viz., the way in which Lord Raglan went about his visits. Mr. Kinglake says the mistake was "largely shared." Indeed it was. It was not as a grim joke that men at the time spoke of Lord Raglan's being at Constantinople or Malta. Mr. Kinglake gives at length a letter from Lord Raglan to Lord Palmere, in which his Lordship, writing on March 2, 1857, says:

"I have visited the camps as frequently as the constant business in which I am engaged, and which occupies me throughout the day and a part of the night, will permit; and though I have made no note of those visits, I find from one of my aides-de-camp, who keeps a journal,

and who frequently, though not always, attends me, that he has accompanied me in my rides above forty times in the last two months.* A ride is not taken for pleasure on this ridge and in this weather, and I have not had time to visit the monastery, the only spot worth seeing in the whole of the position."

Far be it from me to question the accuracy of that statement. Colonel Kingscote's word is above suspicion. But then the truth of it has nothing to do with the averment as to the period when inspection, incessant and vigilant, of Balaklava, the fount and origin of the disorders which flooded the *plateau* with misery, disease, and death, was most needed, and would have done most good. It was to the time between the gale of 14th November, 1854, and the early part of the month of January, 1855, the complaints mainly of the Commander-in-Chief's seclusion referred, and it is not an answer to those complaints to say that Lord Raglan rode out forty times in the months of January and February to camps close at hand. Lord Panmure, in his reply to Lord Raglan's demand for "the name of his slanderer," says on this point, "I will only say that my information has not been derived from the columns of *The Times*, but from eye-witnesses of the scenes by which you have been surrounded, whom it would be a base breach of confidence in me to betray." (p. 345.)

But it will be said—Mr. Kinglake says it, and Lord Raglan himself makes the same statement—that his labours at his desk were incessant, and were of such a kind as to keep him nailed

* The aide-de-camp referred to by Lord Raglan was Colonel Nigel Kingscote.

to it much of the day, and often far into the night. It becomes of moment to learn whether these labours were necessary and inevitable. When the Duke of Newcastle visited the Crimea, he had a long conversation with me on that subject, and I well remember with what bitterness he spoke of "want of information." I remarked that "it was understood in camp that Lord Raglan's time was much taken up with correspondence." "With whom, I wonder?" broke out the Duke. "Not with me, certainly! I could get nothing out of him, and the public were disgusted at being told that the weather was better or worse, or that it rained yesterday and snowed the day before, when they were dying to learn all that could be told concerning the Army from the General in command of it, and were looking to me for the news."

Two successive War Ministers addressed urgent, indignant, angry remonstrances to Lord Raglan, on the meagreness of the information he imparted to them on the condition of the Army. "Oh! but," exclaims Mr. Kinglake, "these Ministers were stupid or careless; Lord Raglan gave them plenty of information! He fed them regularly with 'Morning States!' What more was needed?" But it will have been seen that the Duke, to whom this abounding information was imparted, was a loud-voiced complainant. "The Duke of Newcastle," says Mr. Kinglake, "was crammed with information—so was Lord Panmure—only neither of them knew it. I have before me the two folio volumes comprising

Lord Raglan's dispatches and private letters to the Duke of Newcastle, and perceive them to be abounding, richly, largely abounding, in the very information which Lord Panmure says he cannot find." And because these unfortunate statesmen addressed remonstrances to Lord Raglan, Mr. Kinglake opens the full fire of his batteries on their coffins. Why does not Mr. Kinglake, instead of high-sounding adjectives and pleonasms, give us a few specimens of these all-satisfying dispatches from the two folios of letters? That would be the simplest and best answer he could make to the critics. He glows with an indignation in which all sense, and the moderation which is strength dissolve entirely and evaporate, when he comes across the smallest insinuation that things might have been better managed, or that Lord Raglan was not perfect in what he did, and in what he left undone, and a direct accusation in the same direction inspires him with a wrath which can scarcely find relief in the most burning words. He calls him "the best General the world could furnish, so far as the Ministry knew." (p. 316.) "Here, then," he exclaims, "there seems to be found in one richly-gifted commander an almost ideal assemblage of those many and varied conditions which a Ministry, watching over their General in a time of trouble and peril, must have yearned to see him fulfil." (301.)

The Ministry, however, saw nothing of the kind. They were by no means content with the ideal General whom Mr. Kinglake pompously styles "the Lord Fitzroy Somerset of the Wellington campaigns,"

as though Lord Raglan had set his mark on the work done in the Peninsula! The great Duke, it is true, highly valued his subordinate. Those who knew him could not but admire the purity of his character, his zeal for the Service, his unselfishness, and his entire devotion to duty, but no one but Mr. Kinglake has ventured to call him a great general. Once, and once only, can the reader discover the evidence of some painful doubt in the author's mind as to whether Lord Raglan was quite right, and that was in the instance of his working the remnants of his army to rags and bones instead of insisting on the help of our allies; but Mr. Kinglake points out that it was above all things necessary to keep well with the French in spite of the "ascendancy" he attributes to the English general. He soon recovers from the shock, however, and he is certainly at his best when he gives way to his imagination, and paints the fancy portrait of his hero.

Having propounded a theory that the Government and the "print," as he calls *The Times*, had formed a league against Lord Raglan, although he does not seem quite sure whether it was the Ministry or the newspaper which devised the campaign and led the way, Mr. Kinglake says:—

"The Duke of Newcastle proceeded to execute his plan of attack. On the 18th of December he addressed Lord Raglan (upon the non-delivery of regimental baggage) in terms approaching to censure; and three days later he commenced a series of letters distinctly imputing blame. In the first of these, dated the 22nd of December, he openly disclosed his belief that a 'want of system and organization prevailed in all the departments of the camp.' On the 25th he wrote yet more strongly to the same effect, declaring that there appeared to

be 'carelessness amongst the higher departments,' which required vigorous correction. On the 29th he returned to the subject, writing even more vituperatively than before, and in a yet closer pursuance of the ordained course of action, his diatribes now drew to a focus; for, basing himself on the curious mistakes before indicated, he distinctly charged Lord Raglan's Adjutant and Quartermaster-Generals with inattention to the duties of their departments, and even went the strange length of making his accusations in positive terms, without first hearing what might be said by the Commander of the Forces, under whose very eyes the two officers in question were working."

It does not occur to Mr. Kinglake that unprejudiced readers will be prone to ask with what object the Ministry and the newspaper coalesced to attack Lord Raglan, unless they both believed he was not exercising such a strict control and supervision over his departmental officers as was desirable, and indeed necessary. Neither the Ministry or *The Times* could gain support or influence in any way by even justifiable censures, and both exposed their reputation and power to deserved loss or diminution by accusations which could be readily disproved. It is quite unworthy of an historian to represent a statesman like the Duke of Newcastle as an autocrat who directed the course of the Government without reference to the opinions of his colleagues; and as a matter of fact I believe the dispatches against which Mr. Kinglake inveighs so bitterly as the work of the Secretary of State, were not only approved of by the other members of the Cabinet in Council, but were considered by some of them at least as deficient in vigour and wanting in the strength of expression which they thought the situation required. As to *The Times*, no conceivable motive can be suggested for assailing

the Commander in Chief but the one—the belief, right or wrong, that he and his staff were neglecting their duties, and that it was necessary to arouse the nation by unmistakable language to a due sense of the imminent peril of the army under his command. It was not to be expected that at such a moment the great journal to which men were looking for guidance would mince its words and be choice in epithets, or indeed mindful of anything but the public safety. It is indeed easy for a survivor of the fray to look back and point out the mistakes, and hold up to odium the excesses of the combatants; but it is scarcely profitable, even if it be becoming, to deliberately hunt through the files of the journal, which was then under the influence of the passionate anxiety and grief which consumed the heart of the country, to pick out here a phrase and there a phrase, to collect fragments of sentences and morsels of invective, and to hold them up before the eyes of the world of to-day as specimens of the reasoning, the argument and the animus of *The Times*, in its leading articles six-and-twenty years ago. And yet Mr. Kinglake does so in the very page almost in which he heaps on the memories of the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Panmure the heaviest charges and the most withering denunciation! Those who knew what were the natural tendencies of Mr. Delane's disposition, and above all what was his position in society, and how severely the consequences of the course he was pursuing in his attacks on the administration of the army would fall upon him, might feel well assured that it was

from no wanton caprice or mere aggressive impulse that the paper he conducted was incurring so large a share of hostility and censure. Even if he were actuated by base or selfish motives, there is not a shadow of reason adduced by Mr. Kinglake for the curious fact of the whole of the ministers, among whom were some of the greatest statesmen in England, being in a state of complete subservience to Mr. Delane.

No doubt hereafter some voice more powerful than mine will be heard in vindication of the motives and conduct of a man who before everything else was an Englishman—intensely, passionately, English—who was a patriot first and an editor afterwards, and who in all his long career as director of the course of the journal which became indisputably great and remained so under his management, was animated, I believe, by one thought only—the maintenance of the constitutional liberty and the development of the grandeur and prosperity of the country to which he belonged. Mr. Kinglake indeed “breaks his head and gives him a plaister.” He treats him in a patronizing sort of fashion, as one not naturally malicious and stupidly malignant, but he does not attempt to give any explanation of the astounding phenomenon that on a certain day in the year 1854 without any assignable cause, pretext, or excuse the editor, whose character he describes, should have run a muck against Lord Raglan and his Staff, and have carried the whole country, Ministry, Opposition, and people along with him! But it was not merely

the Government, nor Parliament nor people who were afflicted with this blind fury. If there was in England any person whose natural tendency would have been to receive with suspicion and dislike the course of the leading journal in “assailing” the management of our army in the field, it was the Prince Consort. It must have been with pain almost acute, and under the pressure of the strongest sense of duty to the empire, which owes to his sagacity and judgment so many lasting benefits, that Prince Albert conveyed to the Duke of Newcastle, in his memorandum of 31st December, 1854, the feelings with which the Queen heard from other sources of the condition of her troops, and showed how deeply Her Majesty deplored the want of information of which her ministers and the public were complaining in the dispatches of the Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Kinglake will not admit that there was the smallest justification for these animadversions, and rather glories in the “proud reserve” which on a matter of vital moment to the Government engaged in defending him and his officers as far as they could do so with the materials at hand, was maintained by Lord Raglan in his communications with the hapless Secretary of State for War.

The Duke of Newcastle is represented by Mr. Kinglake as—

“Not a man who would have consciously and wilfully suffered himself to be drawn from the right course by a selfish motive; but what mortal can say that, when he feels the ground sinking from under his foot, he will be strong enough to resist the instinct which moves, which almost constrains him to clutch at some other for safety?”

The Duke was honestly conscious of having administered his Department with untiring zeal, and, upon the whole, with great ability; and now that his wrong, hasty judgment had really turned him against Lord Raglan and the Head-Quarter Staff, was not justice, he perhaps might imagine—was not justice, after all, on his side? By blaming Lord Raglan, and condemning—nay roughly displacing the chief officers of the Head-Quarter Staff, might he not disengage himself from the cruel fate of a Minister held answerable for the sufferings of an Army? . . . Plainly, if he would troop with the accusing throng, he must himself become one of them, must himself become an accuser—an accuser of the positive kind, not awaiting explanation or proof. He heard the people below crying out at Lord Raglan and the Head-Quarter Staff; and since now his own real convictions were setting against the same officers, might not he also go down and hoot?" (p. 303.)

This is written of the man, "honest, zealous, and able," to whom Lord Raglan, acknowledging "the vigour of his ceaseless efforts to meet the winter calamity," wrote, "You have left no stone unturned." (p. 289.)

But if the minister's real convictions led him to think that these officers were incompetent why should he not express them? And why should it be styled "hooting," if he did express his opinions in a public dispatch? It is a monstrous doctrine to maintain that a minister charged with all the responsibility of a great department, in war time, is not at liberty, judging by the results of their work, to give any opinion respecting the efficiency of the officers who have to deal with the work of an army in the field, and that he must defer to, and consult, the general whom he blames for retaining them in office.

"In thus turning against Lord Raglan, and entering on the sinister course for which we now see him preparing, the Duke of Newcastle acted with the ready assent of his colleagues."

This admission might be thought sufficient for the defence of the unfortunate statesman whose fall was precipitated by the indignation which was aroused by the apathy of the General whom he supported, and who never uttered a word of regret or sympathy over his fate! It would not suit Mr. Kinglake's purpose to attack each and all of the members of the Government which was about to perish for the sins of his idol, but he stigmatizes them sufficiently by the general observation that they supported the Secretary of State for War in the "sinister course" of demanding explanations from Lord Raglan, respecting the deplorable state of his army and of questioning the capacity of the Staff Officers who were responsible for its efficiency.

They are all in the same boat, tarred with the same brush.

We are asked to believe that the minister not only incurred all this odium as it would seem from the mere love of it,—that he not only, like Mawworm, "liked being despised," but that he actually withheld from his colleagues the information which would have enabled them to save him and themselves. The story of the Parliamentary Crisis and of the Roebuck Committee is told with gusto, and the member for Sheffield comes in for his share of the castigation which is the lot of all the "parlous infidels" who do not believe as Mr. Kinglake does; but justice—divine I presume in this case—is satisfied. The Secretary of State is not saved by his resort to sinister courses. An impassioned, manly, and

eloquent defence in his place in the House of Lords is passed by without a word.

And thus the Duke of Newcastle is disposed of, and his fall is duly chronicled, as that of a man who richly deserves his fate. Lord Panmure is dealt with even still more mercilessly, if that be possible. 'The peccant War Minister's early life and daily manners are minutely analysed. He is called "a churl," "mighty in curses," "rough-tongued, and rough-mannered." He was provided with "a mental skin quite impervious to delicate retort or criticism," but "with all his roughness and violence" it is admitted he was "without base malignity;" and finally, he is described as "more the rhinoceros than the tiger of the Cabinet." All this is because he "allowed himself to pen a dispatch on February 12, 1855," in which,—

"He said he could not find that the Government had been kept informed in a clear, succinct manner with the operations, the progress, or prospects of the campaign; he complained that Lord Raglan's notices of the condition of his army had been brief and unsatisfactory; he directed that fortnightly returns in a new form should be supplied; he adverted to some of those winter troubles upon which, in an earlier chapter, I have carefully dwelt; he professed to be sending out an officer of high rank, who was to test the capabilities of every officer on the general Staff of the army, but at once, without waiting for the result of the inquiry he thus meant to institute, he hastened to condemn unheard both the Adjutant and the Quartermaster-General, coming down against the last more especially in violent, newspaper language; he attempted some minor criticisms, and finally, advised a new measure—one conceived, some would say, in grim jest—that is, the importation of scavengers from Constantinople."

His audacity in making any unpleasant representations to Lord Raglan can only be accounted for

by Mr. Kinglake, in charity to him, on the theory that an attack of gout had diseased his brain!

But it is very conclusively proved that Her Majesty quite concurred in the representations of the Secretary of State; nay more, I may assert with confidence that the answer which Lord Raglan made to Lord Panmure was not viewed with satisfaction or accepted by the Queen as a proper explanation of the objections which had been made to his lordship's procedure in dealing with the Government. Indeed, Mr. Kinglake, I suspect, knew perfectly well that there was neither "oversight," "mistake," nor "interception" in the matter, and that he only adopted the hypothesis to save himself from the necessity of writing of the Queen as he had written of the Queen's ministers. It is delicate irony! "The ministers in succession acted like cowards; to save themselves, or to try to do so, they assailed their chief and his staff. The Duke of Newcastle 'hotted,' and Lord Panmure's brain was diseased by gout, and the Queen and Prince Albert never would have guessed what they were at or their dispatches would have at once been disavowed." There is the theory. It has no facts to support it, and there are many facts against it. In the "Life of the Prince Consort" (p. 180, Vol. 3) there is a letter from the Queen to Lord Raglan which Mr. Kinglake might have consulted with advantage ere he committed himself to his strange invective. It surely was among the papers confided to his care, and the perusal of it ought to have suggested caution.

There is among Mr. Kinglake's other "tricks" of

style and method to tell on his reader's judgment, a noticeable sort of device which is suited rather to the writer of such works as Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations," or Mr. Helps's "Friends in Council," than to a sober historian. He imagines situations, suggests motives, and invents soliloquies. Thus, as we have seen, he dealt with the Duke of Newcastle; and thus he suggests what the Editor of *The Times* might, but certainly did not, think in 1854-5; and thus he imagines what Sir Herbert Taylor would have said to King George, had Lord Panmure's dispatch, or the like of it, come to his knowledge. Previous to the passage I have quoted there is a *suggestion*, for example, as follows:—"At that time" (*i.e.* Lord Panmure's), "there reigned in England a Queen, and the sternest of those who uphold Constitutional principles will agree for once with the courtiers, will concede that such a dispatch as the one of which we are speaking ought not to have left our shores without having been first submitted for Royal approval." (p. 333.) Mr. Kinglake desires to have it understood by his readers that the Queen did not see, and therefore could not approve of the dispatch which, with the sanction of her Cabinet, her War Minister was about to send; and as the right of the Sovereign to inspect all important dispatches from her Secretary of State had been established, after a memorable struggle, in which Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell were engaged, it can only be supposed it is meant that some one stood between the Queen and the

knowledge of the censure, or expression of dissatisfaction, which Lord Panmure had undertaken to convey to Lord Raglan. Only one person can be meant, and that is the Prince Consort. If it be so, Mr. Kinglake is entirely mistaken. The dispatch which so excites his indignation was not kept back from the eyes of the Queen, and it would be, indeed, a theme for the bitterest invective of such a partisan of the rights of the "State,"—as opposed to the "personal"—Monarch, had the Queen taken upon herself to disapprove of the course which her responsible Ministers had resolved to adopt in a time of grave disquiet and trouble. Mr. Kinglake imagines that the Duke of Wellington "would rather have cut off his hand," than sign the dispatch which so enrages him; but I have the very best authority for saying that, high as was the opinion entertained by the great Duke of the excellent qualities of Lord Raglan, the very last thing that would have entered into his head to propose or sanction, was that the command of a great army should be entrusted to his Military Secretary!

The constitutional control exercised by the Queen over her Army, minimised as it is, excites Mr. Kinglake's wrath to the highest pitch, and page after page of his book is devoted to fierce denunciation of the evils wrought by the personage whom he calls the "personal King," as opposed to the real or abstract "State King" (*i.e.*, the Secretary at War).*

* NOTE.—An elaborate article, entitled "The Fall of Personal Monarchy of George III., in 1809," is inserted in the appendix.

To illustrate the curious position he takes up, Mr. Kinglake gives, in an appendix, a list of a long series of military expeditions "which so often afforded examples of wasted strength and valour" between 1793 and 1809; but as it includes the capture of Cape Town, the conquest of South Africa, of Demerara, of Ceylon, of Malta, the occupation of the Ionian Islands—such little matters as the expulsion of the French from Egypt, and from Portugal, and the Peninsular War—I do not think the case is very strong against the expeditions.

Mr. Kinglake's account of the old Horse Guards, "where the personal King transacted his Army

"The Mrs. Clarke Scandal" is set forth at length. Poor old George III is depicted "as a steady, industrious disturber of public business." The Prince Regent is lugged in upon the stage, *à propos des bottles*, that Mr. Kinglake may flay him alive. "The Regent was a man so repulsively selfish that his memory is much loathed in this country, and, no doubt, when he thought that without much trouble and danger to himself he could attain a personal object by committing an outrage on the State, he was ready enough without scruple to commit the offence, but—given up to self-indulgence—the man was not, like his father, a steady, industrious disturber of public business, and happily spared his country a renewal of 'personal' government in its more constant, more noxious form." (p. 463.) In one place (p. 217), he says:—"The simple truth is, as I have shown, that the Monarchical part of our system had so cumbered the action of England as to prevent her from wearing the harness required for modern war." In another, he writes (p. 68):—"In conformity with the—quite legal, quite grotesque—doctrine that our army, like the 'perquisite' of a cook, was a thing coarsely owned by the 'personal,' as distinguished from our genuine 'State' Sovereign, the honour of the English arms was shamelessly entrusted to a Royal Duke*," who is described "as not only conspicuous for intemperance in that madly intemperate age, but garrulous, untrustworthy, and utterly without the brain-power required for command in the field."

* The Duke of York.

business," with his vice-master to take his orders, who, "as though for a civil war already begun, was supported by a well-chosen staff, maintained on the footing of a head-quarters camp," with aides-de-camp and orderlies; and where finally, "whether importing a vow to have it out some day or other with the damnable Parliamentarians," or for some other less warlike purpose, there were two ponderous troopers on horseback, riding each about twenty-two stone, who eternally, steadily, cheerfully looked across the gay road at Whitehall towards the site of the historic scaffold," (p. 25) is amusing to those who recollect the place and the people. It is wonderful the Horse Guards' clock was not included in the machinery worked by the "personal King" in Whitehall! But Mr. Kinglake, if he likes to look in at Pall Mall, will find that Mr. Childers has very much the same apparatus close at hand, and he may also observe that the ponderous troopers still look more or less cheerfully at Lord Carington's house in Whitehall, though they are prudently retired every day except Wednesday, so as not to attract the attention of Republican Members, before the sitting of Parliament. It was in that very office Mr. Kinglake's demigod toiled at his desk for some thirty odd years, ere he was sent to command the Army in the Crimea.

No man in the world probably would have been more indignant and astonished than Lord Raglan, had he been told that his memory would be associated with the political doctrines which are rather insi-

nuated than boldly avowed by his historian. If there was any one point connected with Army administration and the control of the Army on which the Duke of Wellington, whose "reign" Mr. Kinglake so much admires and belauds, was more vehement and instant than any other, it was that of the supremacy of the Crown. The Duke's dispatches abound with strong expressions of his opinion that the control of the Army by the Chief of the State was a State necessity, and that without it, the Monarchy might at any time be destroyed,—no evil perhaps, in the eyes of a philosophical historian, but a fatal calamity in the eyes of the Duke of Wellington. There might be, the Duke appeared to think, "little danger of having to see a battalion file in between the two doorkeepers of the House of Commons, as was seen once when the Dictator of a Republic was in power;" but there might be some danger of the troops being employed in another direction not less fatally for the Constitution. In the excited declarations of an excitable King extracted from "Rose's Diary," and certainly not official, that Mr. Fox would not be admitted into his councils, even at the hazard of civil war, Mr. Kinglake actually finds warrant for the suggestion that a King of England, "within this century, might have contemplated the crime of choosing his own time to assail his unarmed people with splendid troops long accustomed to regard him as their now supreme commander." (p. 27.) Surely the *coup d'état* of December 2, 1851, must have disordered Mr. Kinglake's judgment! Nothing seems more constitutional

than the letter of service by which a General in command of the Army in war time is placed under the direct instructions of the Ministers.

It is almost incredible that a writer of great industry and of general intelligence should have compromised the authority of his *opus magnum* by the elaborate contention that there has been and was at the time of which he was writing a kind of military Mayor of the Palace at the Horse Guards, who exercised control over the army in the king's name behind the back of his ministers. No principle of constitutional law has been so thoroughly established since the reign of Charles II as the control of the office of the Commander-in-Chief by the representative of the power of Parliament. It has been shown conclusively, in spite of some attempts to invalidate the demonstration, that Mr. Kinglake rested his elaborate thesis concerning "the change of masters" of a general in war time on what he would term a "mental bubble." He set out with assuming that the "personal King" ruled the army in time of peace, but that he had to surrender his power in time of war to the responsible minister—that the way in which the surrender was notified was by a letter of service to the general appointed for warlike purposes, in which the Commander-in-Chief informed the officer that he was named for particular service. Now, the letter of service, which is the warrant for the officer's command, is not signed by the Commander-in-Chief at all! The Secretary of State for War, and he alone, signs the letter of service of every officer,

either on particular or general duty abroad, and in the case of the Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief it is by virtue of a letter so signed that the Horse Guards itself is now directed by the illustrious Duke who has watched so long and so sedulously over the interests of soldiers and officers alike. It is true that the Commander-in-Chief as the head of the Horse Guards for the time being as a matter of form writes to an officer who is selected for service to acquaint him with the fact. That was what Lord Hardinge did in the case of Lord Raglan. But the letter of service by which his lordship held command of the army in the East, and on which he drew his pay and allowances, and was recognised as the lawful authority for the execution of the orders of the Government, was directed to him and signed by the Secretary of State, as the sole representative of the "personal King" in such matters, and the lengthened disquisitions of Mr. Kinglake and his laborious elucidations of his delusions may be classed among the curiosities of literature, and might be excised from his bulky volume with much advantage to him and his readers.

I do not see—I trust there are many as purlind—why if the constitutional doctrine be right, that the State is represented by the Queen, Lords, and Commons "our troops should" not "hold with one master, yet faithfully serve the other," or how "the two objects" are "seemingly incompatible." By a compromise, which in any other country would be held to be illogical, if not worse, the civilian at the

War Office has the power of nominating such generals whom he and his colleagues may choose, and although Mr. Kinglake is much exercised by the way in which the "personal King" appointed officers to command in the old time, there was, I apprehend, far less danger from putting the power of selection in such hands than from trusting it to the civilian chiefs of political parties. In the end, indeed, after all the theatrical flourishes of his paper-knife against the "personal King" and his satellites, Mr. Kinglake is obliged to confess that the Duke of Newcastle, from the outset of the war, exercised supreme control over all the Departments, and bent them to his will. He had not "the central machinery," it is said, to direct their energies; but if there was no obstruction, the machinery he had would surely work well enough, and a requisition which must be obeyed is no less an order because it is called a "requisition."*

Mr. Kinglake gives a sketch of the two systems of administration on which France and England had to rely respectively in the execution of such a work as

* There was only one really obstinate body, and that was one which was almost outside the sphere of the War Minister's influence. It was the Treasury. There was no actual systematic obstructiveness, no want of working zeal, no stiff-necked routine, at the Treasury, nothing but a consuming zeal for economy evinced in absolute neglect to comply with demands from the seat of war, till the Board were quite satisfied of the reality of the necessity which dictated them. When their eyes were opened to the existence of that necessity their compliance came too late. There is no evidence that Lord Raglan brought his weight to bear on the War Minister to enforce the subscription of the Treasury, and up to the end of the year the Board were masters of the Commissariat, and therefore of the supplies of the army.

wintering their armies, and the contrast is just as important and as marked to-day as it was in 1854-5. The French War Department was a Department of the State, its Chief always a General or Marshal of France, and it was by the hands of soldiers organised in separate bodies that the Department ministered to troops in peace and war. England had no War Department. In time of war, the Colonial Office, which in peace-time dealt with Colonial affairs exclusively, became charged with the conduct of Military operations. There were, to be sure, a War Office and a Secretary at War; but they were engaged in keeping Military expenditure within Parliamentary limits; and there was the Horse Guards, which Mr. Kinglake is careful to call "a Royal, not a Government, Office," "the instrument" by which George III and his successors "kept a personal grasp on our Army;" there were "nests of public servants transacting their bits of England's military business at the Tower, in the Strand, in Whitehall, in Pall Mall, some in strength at the Horse Guards, some at the Ordnance, some at the Admiralty, some buried under the roof of the Treasury, others burrowing in several small streets, providing for the pay, pensions, transport, stores, equipments, recruits, medical, and religious services of the Army, but there was not, till war approached, any high, over-ruling authority over these scattered Offices." The description of our military machinery is not much, if at all, exaggerated. But it may be remarked that the

business of the French War Department, though it had the great advantage of being conducted by soldiers, was carried on in various places under different heads, and that it was not worked without friction, in spite of the existence of an over-ruling authority. With us that authority is virtually represented by the House of Commons.

Mr. Kinglake attributes what he terms "the dishevelled plight" of England's War Administration to "the monarchical surface of her polity," which may be translated, I suppose, as "her sham respect for the Crown." It might be more truly attributed to the jealousy of the Parliamentary factions of the State,—a jealousy which, under various forms, is still ever vigilant and active, and which interferes at all times with every detail of Army administration. But such as it is, the country wishes for such a dishevelled plight, and it must be content to pay the cost of its whim. We have yet to see—I hope not speedily—how "the real Commander-in-Chief," who is a "Cabinet of Civilians" (p. 20), will carry on a great war. It was surely a Cabinet of Civilians, and not a personal Monarch, which carried on the war in the Crimea.

It is not necessary to follow Mr. Kinglake through pages of invective against the Prince Regent, or to vindicate the Prince from "the guilt" of "sacrificing his country on the gross, reeking altar of self," for he gibbets the Government, the Lords and Commons, on the same tree, and puts the whole nation, along with the Prince, in his wordy pillory.

In dealing with the obvious objection to his indictment against it, that the mechanism of our War Department was made to work brilliantly in the great war, Mr. Kinglake attributes the success to the genius of Wellington—who constructed an administrative system at the seat of war, whilst he dominated the Government at home by power of will—and to the creation by Mr. Dundas of Colonel Bunbury as Under-Secretary of State for War! It is wonderful that Mr. Kinglake should not have seen that his account of what was done by a real General was a sinister reflection on the conduct of the war by his ideal of what a General should be. Lord Raglan created no administration at the seat of war, he exercised no control over the Cabinet at home, and instead of having raised the Army under his command to a pitch of unsurpassed excellence, instead of creating such soldiery as those of whom Wellington said "they were the finest army man ever led," he presided over the decaying remnants of the battalions which won Alma and Inkerman, without any successful effort to save them from the condition which Lord John Russell described as "horrible, pitiable, and heartrending." I use the word "successful," because it would be false to say Lord Raglan did not make attempts and use all the means which his capacity and knowledge suggested to him to mitigate the sufferings with which his feeling heart so deeply sympathised. His poverty of resource, and not his will, consented to the fate of his troops. That it was a blunder and a crime to destroy the machinery of

administration which grew up during the later years of the great war with France, every one must admit; but it was the work of Parliament, and not of the personal King, and it is simply untrue to say that the King's reigning son, "as ringleader, headed the movement for the reimposition of Palace authority, by the unsparing destruction" of our Military Administration.

"Far from saying, 'Beware!' to the Government, its Parliamentary opponents were approvers of the havoc they witnessed, and even strove their best, indeed, to give it a yet wider range." (p. 89.) But his animosity to such a control as is exercised by the Head of the State over the Army—greater in Republican than in Monarchical countries—is a positive mania. Mr. Kinglake denounces, as "serious blemishes," the remnants of personal government which are to be detected in the custom of the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief taking the Queen's pleasure on the appointment of officers, and of the Judge-Advocate in person submitting to the Sovereign transactions within his Department, although the Orders in Council of 1872 have, as he points out, given the Secretary of State the power to insist that the grant of every commission, though still passing through the Horse Guards, shall be in uniformity with his will! He does not for an instant pause to tell his readers why English Sovereigns, of the race which certainly has not lacked personal courage and high military qualities out of England, should be so miserably inept and mischievous in war-time,

when they sit on the throne of this country ; or to show how and why the powers which were exercised by such men as Cromwell and William III, and by Queen Anne and the first Georges, should have wrought such evils in the hands of George III and the Prince Regent ; why the functions exercised by Louis the Great, Frederick the Great, or Napoleon should be simply criminal abuses and acts of conspiracy and treachery against the State, if entrusted to English Constitutional Sovereigns.

All this sort of disquisition may be meant to screen Mr. Kinglake's idol from close inspection,—lest the feet of clay should be detected on the pedestal. If any one ought to have known the defects which are alleged to have rendered our administrative machinery so entirely untrustworthy, it was surely "the Master-General of the Ordnance," "the Military Secretary," "the man unsurpassed in his knowledge of every branch of the Army."

As far as I can make out, Mr. Kinglake's apology is based on the theory that the "Winter Troubles," as he mildly calls the state of things which elsewhere (p. 205) he describes "as threatening, not simply the weakening, but the virtual extinction of our Army," were mainly due to "the Flank March." By that march, he argues, the Allies abandoned the whole of the Crimea, except the bleak, open wold of the Chersonese, and deprived themselves of the supplies of food, forage, and fuel which if they had not gone round to the South side of Sebastopol, where the defences of the place stopped them in

front, and the army of Liprandi, after the action of Balaklava on October 25, hemmed them in on the land side the country would have yielded to them. The consequence was that the Armies became dependent for all their supplies (except wood fuel, in the early part of the siege) on their shipping and on home management. Of course, the theory implies that Mr. Kinglake thinks the Allies should have attacked the North side of Sebastopol after the battle of the Alma, that the siege was a mistake of the first magnitude, and that they might have wintered in the Crimea without difficulty or suffering. It may be that he is right as to the first part of his theory, but I do not think he is justified in the final supposition.

Hypothetical history—that is, the writings about historical matters which depend on "ifs"—is of no value. The virtue of one "if," great as it is, may be at once taken out of it by another "if." What Mr. Kinglake, as the writer of "The Invasion of the Crimea," &c., in this, his sixth volume, which deals with the "Winter Troubles," had to do, was to give a truthful narrative of the events which actually occurred in 1854-55, with such expressions of opinion and such just exercise of the critical faculty as become a sober historian. Instead of that, he lets loose on his readers a flood of invective, and deluges them in a torrent of hypothesis and conjecture. If the Allies had not gone to the South side, they would have enjoyed all the resources of the Crimea without let or hindrance, and their fate would have been very

different from what it was,—so he asserts, if he means anything at all; and it would be of little use to point out to him that the Russians would in all probability have destroyed Bakshi Serai and Simpheropol, and have laid waste the country in their retreat, just as they set fire to Moscow in 1812, and as they devastated the villages on the Katcha and Belbek in 1854; to remind him that a very large Allied force, Turks, French, and English, stationed at Eupatoria, could only command the ground under their guns, and were constantly menaced by the enemy; and finally, that Sebastopol was the ulcer which ate into the very heart of Russia, draining her resources and absorbing all her energies. The Crimea might, indeed, have become a great theatre of war, instead of being the scene of a famous siege; but it cannot be held that the Allies, even had they occupied Sebastopol, and thence spread over the Crimea, would have escaped all the results of the mismanagement which intensified the severities of the climate, or have become independent of the sea. The Allied Army was essentially an “expeditionary” force,—the objective was Sebastopol, and beyond it neither Ministers at home nor Generals abroad had care to look.

Surely, if any prophet could, on September 25, have drawn aside the veil which concealed the future from the gaze of the Allied Generals, and could have given them one little glimpse of the armies as they lay on the *plateau* on the South side in the middle of the following December, they

would have resolved, at all hazards, to make a dash at the place!

But it cannot be denied that there were most powerful arguments brought forward against the attack on the North side, and there is every reason now to think that even if it had succeeded, the loss incurred in the assault would have been frightful, and the position of the Allies would not have been very much improved. The powerful forts on the South side and the fire of the enemy's shipping would have swept the Northern *plateau*, after the fall of the Star Fort and of its auxiliary works. The army of Menschikoff would still have been in possession of the South side, and the whole of the country, with communications free, up to Perekop. The Allies, with open roadsteads for their shipping, instead of safe, if not commodious, harbours, would still have been immured between the sea and the Belbek, for the sunken ships and the forts would have denied our Fleet access to the inner waters of Sebastopol. It cannot be supposed that Russia would have accepted the battle of the Alma, or even the fall of Sebastopol, as decisive of the war; and the Allies were certainly not in a state, as regarded transport and cavalry, or even numerical strength, to advance upon Simpheropol, and hold the Crimea during the winter against the whole force of Russia. But if it could be proved to demonstration that the Allies ought to have attacked the North side, and that they would have succeeded, then the blame for the rejection of that measure, and for the adoption of

the alternative, must be largely laid at Lord Raglan's door! On the day when the flank march was adopted by the Council of War on the Belbek (September 25) St. Arnaud was dying; Canrobert took his place at the council. The French proposed to fight their way round the head of the harbour, by the Inkerman Lighthouse Road. Sir John Burgoyne then produced his scheme of the march by Mackenzie's Farm to the South side, so as to avoid the fire of the place and to seize upon Balaklava; Lord Raglan eagerly embraced the plan, and enforced it with all his authority. It was English strategy which dictated the flank march. Mr. Kinglake says it was the Duke of Newcastle who was responsible, for he it was who uttered the fatal word "siege;" sent the fated gift, "the siege train;" and the fated man, Burgoyne. But what becomes, again, of the "ascendancy" which the historian attributes to Lord Raglan, over the French and over the English alike? It cannot be admitted, at all events by Mr. Kinglake, that Lord Raglan was under the influence of French counsellors, or yielded his better judgment to the opinion of Sir John Burgoyne, if he insists on his Lordship's ever potent "ascendancy."

It happens now and then that in the full "Laudamus" of the Apotheosis the Arch-priest is so imported by his ecstasy, that he does not perceive he is bespattering his Idol. Thus, having insisted in the previous five volumes of his "credo" on the "ascendancy" of Lord Raglan in every way and thing, he makes it appear that it was the

Duke of Newcastle who forced him to besiege Sebastopol, and that it was the Duke who sent out "the fated man, Burgoyne, and the fated gift, the siege-train, which were fitted to change swift conquest into a painful siege." (p. 319.) I am at a loss to understand what Mr. Kinglake would have said of a Minister who sent out an army to besiege a strong place without an engineer-in-chief or a siege-train, but it is plain enough from his own narrative that Lord Raglan adopted the idea of the flank march, of which his historian now speaks so evilly, with all the enthusiasm of which he was capable. At all events the French were not indebted to the Duke of Newcastle for their engineer or for their siege guns, and they accepted the idea of a siege with alacrity.

It would be strange indeed, if Mr. Kinglake were to admit that there was in the conduct of the French, from first to last, any one feature redeeming it from baseness,—but he has, in the present volume, unwittingly made admissions most damaging to his theory that Lord Raglan had established a complete ascendancy, in the field and out of it, in all which related to our Allies. He asserts, in fact, that so far from being in the ascendant, Lord Raglan dared not press any demand on General Canrobert for French assistance, lest he should endanger the Alliance! Mr. Kinglake challenges Marshal Canrobert, on the faith of Lord Raglan's letters, to meet the allegation that our Allies imposed on us an amount of toil "cruelly and unfairly excessive." And this he says with the facts staring him in the face, in his own

pages, that the French, at a time when they were exposed to continual *sorties*, and were engaged both on our Right and on our Left Attacks in pushing on the siege-works, which on our side were nearly at a stand-still, took over the Inkerman Attack, covered our rear over the Woronzow Road, metalled part of our road, carried our sick, gave us food and great-coats! Mr. Kinglake is quite satisfied that if Lord Raglan made a statement in a secret dispatch that the French were ungenerous and dilatory, Marshal Canrobert must be thereupon hung by the neck until he is dead, without any mercy on his soul! I do not know whether Marshal Canrobert, who is yet alive, will see or meet the challenge. Surely, it was Lord Raglan's duty at the time to have made, in the interests of his soldiery, direct representations to Marshal Canrobert, and not to have confined himself to the conveyance of them in "secret dispatches to the Duke of Newcastle?" "The French Commander," says Mr. Kinglake, "indeed, showed a generous readiness to aid the transport of our sick and wounded with the resources of his Ambulance Corps, and Lord Raglan's appeals to him for a fairer distribution of the siege labours between the troops of the two Allied Armies did not, certainly, encounter a complete and final rejection; but they were invariably met by General Canrobert with reasons for postponing the desired relief, and afterwards by delays still more lengthened than the reasons suggested warranted." (p. 155-6.) This is written by the man who complains that the English

Ministers did not inquire what reply Lord Raglan could make to the charges formulated in their letters before they made any inquiry as to their truth!

Mr. Kinglake writes of the whole campaign and of the Winter Troubles as if Lord Raglan controlled every act, dominated every situation, and foresaw and provided for everything throughout but was responsible for nothing! With regard to the vexed question of the road from Balaklava to the Camp, it is fair to say that Mr. Kinglake establishes the fact, which was never questioned by me, that when the winter set in and the trenches were "asking for more," Lord Raglan could not detach men from the ranks to make it; but I think it is fairly questionable whether all was done that could have been done. It is laid down as an axiom that hired labour could not be procured. Why? There were on the shores of the Black Sea, at Constantinople, at Smyrna, swarming populations close at hand,—nay, more, there were many hundreds of men on board the merchant vessels and steamers and transports on and off Balaklava, who would have been only too glad to have earned money by their labour. There was a Fleet, almost idle, at anchor outside the port. There were the Turks at Balaklava. And if all these failed, there was at least the resource left of declaring to General Canrobert that a road must be made, that the English could not make it, and at the same time defend their Right and Left Attacks; and that the French must either make the road, or take upon themselves the entire main-

tenance of the siege works.* Mr. Kinglake, with evident reluctance, detects that spot in the sun, and says, "on the whole, my conclusion is that it would have been right for Lord Raglan to force his way out of the meshes by a peremptory appeal to the French!" (p. 118.) And that he did not do.

Mr. Filder was the first who was struck by the possible want of forage, and on September 22, he communicated his apprehension to the Treasury but it was not "till in November, when bleak winds and chill rains were already sweeping over the Chersonese," the Commissariat was instructed to meet what Mr. Kinglake describes "the last exigency," which had, "so far as we know, remained long unforeseen,—remained even unimagined beforehand by any of the thousands and thousands who were straining their gaze to see what the future might have in store." (p. 95.) As he is careful to pick up every little straw to put into his literary brick, Mr. Kinglake adduces, as a proof of Lord Raglan's foresight, that his Lordship thought of the subject of winter quarters as early as August 8, and he quotes some vague and, as they seem to me, feeble words, as "impressive representations" to the Government. The words are, "The question where the Allied Armies should winter is one of some anxiety." "I am aware that if the great operation"

* There is an odd mistake, a misprint, at page 114, where it is stated that Lord Raglan's "first step was to dispatch an officer of the Quartermaster-General's Department to *Sebastopol* (!) with orders to buy there the tools, including, of course, the stone-hammers which were needed for road-making." Constantinople is meant.

(the invasion of the Crimea) "be undertaken, and be successful to the utmost extent, there would be room for the two armies in the Crimea; but under other circumstances it would be difficult to find the means of putting them under cover." When Lord Raglan felt himself constrained to sit down before the place and open trenches, he knew that the "great operation was *not* successful to the utmost extent." He may, however, be excused for not having sounded a note of warning at the end of September; but when he saw that the bombardment of October 17 had failed, surely the contingency ought to have stared him in the face and have demanded his instant attention? It did not, however. The army of Liprandi descended on the plain of Balaclava and closed the Woronzow Road to us on October 25, but it needed the terrible lesson of Inkerman—the field of neglected warnings—to open the eyes of the Head-Quarters to "what the future had in store." Then the measure taken by Lord Raglan had, at least, the merit of Napoleonic directness. "On November 8, he instructed his Commissary-General that our Army would winter in the Crimea, and 'directed him to make provisions accordingly!'" (p. 2.) There is no evidence produced by Mr. Kinglake, and if any existed, it is not probable he would overlook it, that the English Commander-in-Chief at once, with all needful force, pressed on the Government at home the supreme import of the change which had come upon the fortunes of the Expedition, and requested them to concentrate their thoughts and

energies on the supply of the army without a moment's delay.

With a recklessness which ought to have been restrained, the troops had destroyed at Kadikoi and at Balaclava villas and dwellings which would have been invaluable as quarters and hospitals. The fine weather was treated as a permanent possession. Mr. Calvert's forecast of the climate and description of the possible future ought to have caused even a less considerate man than Lord Raglan to cast about him to provide for the supply of the camps, when the country between the *plateau* and Balaclava was converted into slush and mud; but we went on in a very vicious circle, gradually extending till the whole Army was within it. The men could not make the road, because they had to carry on the siege, and they could not carry on the siege, because they could not make the road, and so the works languished and the men died. It is scarcely credible that such a result was inevitable,—that it was in the fitness and necessity of things that it should have been so. For my own part, I refuse to think so. The recollection of the misery I witnessed then haunts me yet like a hideous dream. The sights to be witnessed on a battle-field fill the mind with images of horror, and touch the heart with pity and grief beyond words; but somehow or other the impression is effaced by contact with the continuing exigencies and excitement of war. It is the burning anger and fierce resentment which were aroused, by the aspect of the charnel-houses called hospitals, and

by the sight of the soldiers of an Army whom no foe could vanquish, perishing in rags of cold and hunger, where clothing and food were close at hand, that can never die out of my mind.

To say that Lord Raglan did not foresee what was to come upon his Army, is merely to accuse him of not being a prophet; to say that he did all that a great General and administrator would have done and would have forced others to do, is, I think, to say the thing which is not. What the Army needed was, first, food, shelter, and clothing; secondly, ammunition and siege *matériel*. I put the food and clothing in the first place, because it is evident that on them depended the ability of the Army to carry on any military operation whatever. The Generals, however, thought that the exigencies of the situation demanded that the first care should be given to the supply of guns, shot, shell, and ammunition.

Mr. Kinglake would ask us now to hold a fire in our hand, by thinking on the frosty Caucasus. He sets forth in detail the great sufferings of the French Army in the winter. They were great, indeed. It must at once be admitted that omelettes cannot be made without breaking eggs, and that the best-provided army, condemned to carry on a winter siege in the Crimea, with open trenches, must have endured cruel losses. The French had vast distances to traverse from Kamiesch and Kazatch to the camps on our right and rear,—they were exposed to incessant *sorties*,—they had no cessation from work in pushing

on trench and parallel,—they had inferior rations and wretched tents, but their condition in the first winter was infinitely superior to ours. In December, 1854, they had 6,432 admissions into hospital when they had in the field 65,000 men. In the same month we had 9,259 men in hospital out of a strength of less, much less, than half that of the French. In February, 1855, when the French mustered 89,000 men, they had 8,298 in hospital. That same month with a strength of 31,000, we had no less than 13,608 men in our ambulances! “But,” says Mr. Kinglake, “Death—only Death—kept down to its actual limit the before-given number of 13,608, and prevented it from reaching 22,506, for that last would have been the number in our hospitals at the close of February, if the patients there treated during the period of the same four months had been all alive and well.” (pp. 202-3.) In other words, out of our small army 8,898 men perished in hospital, between the beginning of November and the end of February.

The hideous filth and disorder of the Levantine hospitals—what Mr. Kinglake terms “heinous defects”—had much to do with the fearful mortality. In some of these more than half the patients died. There, at all events, the French were in all respects better.

Our state was indeed awful. I shall quote Mr. Kinglake's words:—

“During a period of only seven months, from Oct. 1, 1854, to the end of April, 1855, and out of an average strength of only 28,939,

there perished in our hospitals, or on board our invalid-transport ships, 11,652 men, of whom 10,053 died from sickness alone.

Mr. Kinglake says:—

“At the time, no extended comparison could well be even attempted between the condition of the French Army and that of the English, because the one had its sufferings veiled by the will of an absolute Government, whilst the other lay under the glare which extreme publicity sheds, and afforded all the materials for what was perhaps a more searching scrutiny and a more keen-eyed criticism than had ever before been applied to the labours of men simply trying to feed, clothe, and shelter an army.”

Well, and from my point of view, the comment I would make, accepting the statement as true, would be simply this. The official veil which concealed the sufferings of the French Army in the first winter, covered their graves in the winter that followed. The publicity which was given to the sufferings of the British Army in the first winter, not only saved them from suffering in the winter that followed, but gave them, in every attitude of military fitness, all the conditions which made them in all but number the equal of their Allies—in some, indeed, their superiors—for the prosecution of the war. The labours of Mr. Kinglake and my own, and the writings which aroused the wrath of the people, would have been unneeded or abortive, had Lord Raglan cast aside the official veil, and told the country and the Ministry the truth. Is it surprising that when the truth became known there was an outcry—that when people heard of a regiment 1,000 strong, which had not endured much loss in battle, having dwindled down to 30, some said 7 men,* of another† that in a

* The 63rd Regiment.

† 9th Regiment.

few days after landing had but a handful of men left for duty, and there being only 312 men left of the Brigade of Guards, although they had been reinforced by strong draughts, they should flame with rage? As he is depicted to us by his historian, Lord Raglan did all he could to incur this odium, no doubt to his great surprise; "for being by nature both calm and sanguine, and having almost to a foible the habit of detecting a humorous element in the bearing of his men overwrought by anxiety" (!), "he was blessed, on the whole, with a freedom from despondency so instinctive, so genuine, that to give to his camp and his people the appearance of resolution and strength, he had only to obey the dictates of his own temperament, and was thus in a measure relieved from what would have been to him the irksome, unfitting task of trying to act a part" (p. 224)! He created, then, it would seem, an erroneous impression where it was of vital consequence to give a true one. It is ridiculous to describe his correspondence as a complete repertory of all that a Minister in London, who was labouring for the welfare of the Army, could usefully wish to know, if it be true that he liked to indulge in "buoyantly worded" sentences, tending "to chase away gloom," and "by the subtle power of language, gliding in alongside of harsh facts," give to the struggles of his army for existence a picture "of animated, successful labour." No wonder "the Secretary of State did not take the alarm which the sinister facts seemed to warrant, when they were put before him in such a shape."

I have casually alluded to the requisition of Mr. Filder for hay. I concur in the opinion of Sir John McNeill that "there is something absolutely revolting in the levity with which all the fatal privations, so heroically endured by the troops, are attributed to so ludicrously inadequate a cause as a deficiency of pressed hay from England." It was rather the want of fresh meat, which could have been had if the ships had been used to carry the cattle to the Crimea, which caused so much sickness and death from scorbutic dysentery. Once landed, the cattle would have carried fresh meat to the front on their own legs, and so saved the lives pressed hay would not have preserved to us. Mr. Kinglake lays great stress on the white-washing report of the famous Chelsea Board of General Officers, but he takes no notice of the review of the proceedings of the Board by Sir Alexander Tulloch, to which Sir John McNeill has recently written a telling preface. In that preface there is ample refutation of some of Mr. Kinglake's statements as to his extraordinary allegation "that Sir John McNeill, used to say he had signed the report unwarily." Sir John curtly observes "it is utterly unfounded." Better than any words of my own are the terse sentences in which Colonel Tulloch deals with the sage and singular conclusion of the Board, that the calamities in the Crimea were due to the want of pressed hay! He says, "whether such a conclusion is warranted by the evidence, and whether hay would have supplied the men with fresh meat, recovered the

clothing lying useless in their squad-bags and knapsacks, provided fresh bread, and supplied lime-juice and medicine for the sick, roasted green coffee for the healthy, and secured shelter for the horses which perished because nothing was done, in one brigade, at least, for their protection, the public will now be able to decide for themselves. I can only say that I would prefer such a conclusion being promulgated to the world under the authority of seven General Officers rather than by any statement of my colleague and myself. The statistics of the terrible mortality of the British troops in the first year of the war will be studied to all time by administrative and medical officers and all who are interested in military hygiene, but I doubt if they will ever furnish any conclusion differing from that to which the country arrived a quarter of a century ago. No one can ever believe that it is "inevitable and necessary." The public were unjust to Lord Raglan and unjust to his Staff, because they expected from a polished official, well advanced in years, who had never commanded a battalion in his life, and whose experience of warfare ended with Waterloo, all the resources, energy, and knowledge of a great captain.

As to the Staff of the Army, which was assailed by the Ministers and by public opinion, it is only necessary for me to say that I think much of the invective directed against them was unjust. They were placed suddenly in the most trying position, without qualification by previous training or knowledge for the discharge of their duties, and they

struggled, some to the death, to do their work. How could the country expect that a number of gay and gallant young soldiers, of whom not many had had any experience of service, could suddenly become, under the enemy's fire, wary, indefatigable, vigilant,—the eyes, and ears, and arms of their General? It is not without emotion, I think, that any one of proper feeling can read the devotion to his officers evinced by Lord Raglan, when he was called upon to sacrifice them. It was a devotion which those officers well repaid, if they were not all equally worthy of it. Whatever may have been the injustice done to them at the time, it cannot be said that they suffered permanent wrong, or that their career was blighted by the hot breath of popular displeasure. No one now will question the ability and energy of Sir R. Airey and the value of his labours, as well as their cruel pressure upon him. But it was the misfortune of the Commander-in-Chief and of the Army, and not General Airey's fault, that at a critical time, when the outcry against the Crimean Staff was at its height almost, his health gave way, and his duties had to be relegated to incompetent and unpopular subordinates. Of the attitude of the Head-Quarters Staff in the midst of the winter troubles, and of the *non-chalance* and calm to which Mr. Kinglake attributes such virtues in imposing on the enemy and inspiring the Army, I can only say that my recollections of the effect produced by the undoubted tranquillity of the Farm House in the minds of the more combatant officers were that it was anything but pleasant. I

remember well how one day there came to me a furibund Colonel, in a rabbit-skin coat, his beard stiffened with ice, his face flaming with frost and anger, his boots coated to the knees with frozen mud, and let loose the torrent of his wrath. He had just been to Head-Quarters to see Lord Raglan, and lay before him the state of the regiment, or of what remained of it, and had trudged from his camp on foot, full of zeal and pity for his men. "I was shown into a room," he said, "where there was a table spread, with a table-cloth on it, and all sorts of good things laid out,—cold meat," (poor man!) "chicken, *pâtés*, butter (!), white bread! There was a blazing fire at the end of the room, and there was Jones, with his back to it, picking his teeth and reading the paper. I told him of the state we were in,—no warm clothing, no rum, no boots, half-rations, and, by Jove! what do you think? Confound me, if he didn't draw! out 'Yas! It isn't rosy, is it?' I could have," &c. And then the Colonel recited imaginary deeds of violence to the offender. But, after all, he was unreasonable in his wrath, and Jones, no doubt, would have laid down his life—and cheerfully and calmly too—to have saved the men who suffered from what he regarded perhaps as the usual incidents of campaigning.

To my mind, the dispatch of Lord Panmure, which Mr. Kinglake lashes so savagely, is in every word a justifiable remonstrance. Well might he ask Lord Raglan "who had made any imputation against his honour?" Well might he say that, had the

Duke of Newcastle "exhibited less of magnanimity in personally confronting the storm of popular indignation, it would have rolled more heavily on you." Lord Raglan carried his point after all. The Staff were all retained, and the past was forgiven. It was the Minister who suffered. But the British Army, ere the war was ended, never had the chance of wiping off the dust of the Redan, which obscured the brightness of its early victories.

Was it after all wise or necessary on the part of Mr. Kinglake to rake up the ashes of the fierce passions which had burned so many years ago? Was it prudent to wake up the memories of so much disaster and so many sorrows? In doing this ill-omened piece of work, Mr. Kinglake has affronted the consciences of the living and trampled on the graves of the dead that he may rear up an altar to his idol on the ruins of innumerable reputations. Nothing has been sacred from the hand of the iconoclast who has struck right and left. He has found it meet for his purpose to assail the military capacity of our Allies, to cast doubts on their courage, and to cover their leaders with obloquy; he has deluged our statesmen with ridicule and abuse; he has torn the dead out of their graves, and he has put up a little row of forcible-feeble puppets, whom he has invested with the attributes of greatness, because they were, he thought, followers of his new religion. Not one word of sympathy or generous consideration is bestowed on a Government tortured by enigmatic sentences; on Ministers maddened, in

the midst of popular tumult, by the "divine calm" of an oracle who could not speak; on a people, sickening in the gloom of that terrible winter for a ray of light—even though it were to show them the terrible truth.

For my own part, as I have said before, nothing would have induced me to have said or written a word on the winter troubles, but for the appearance of Mr. Kinglake's book. I believe that the miseries of our Army would not have been made known in time to save them by any critical examination of Lord Raglan's dispatches; that the heart of the nation would never have been stirred to help by his words; and that help might have come too late. As to the charge that I, and those who appealed for succour, might have given information to the enemy, I care as little as I would do if I were rebuked for calling out "Fire!" to save the lives of the inmates of a burning house, because the attention of the burglars in the vicinity was invited to their opportunity by my alarm.